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V E R S E S .

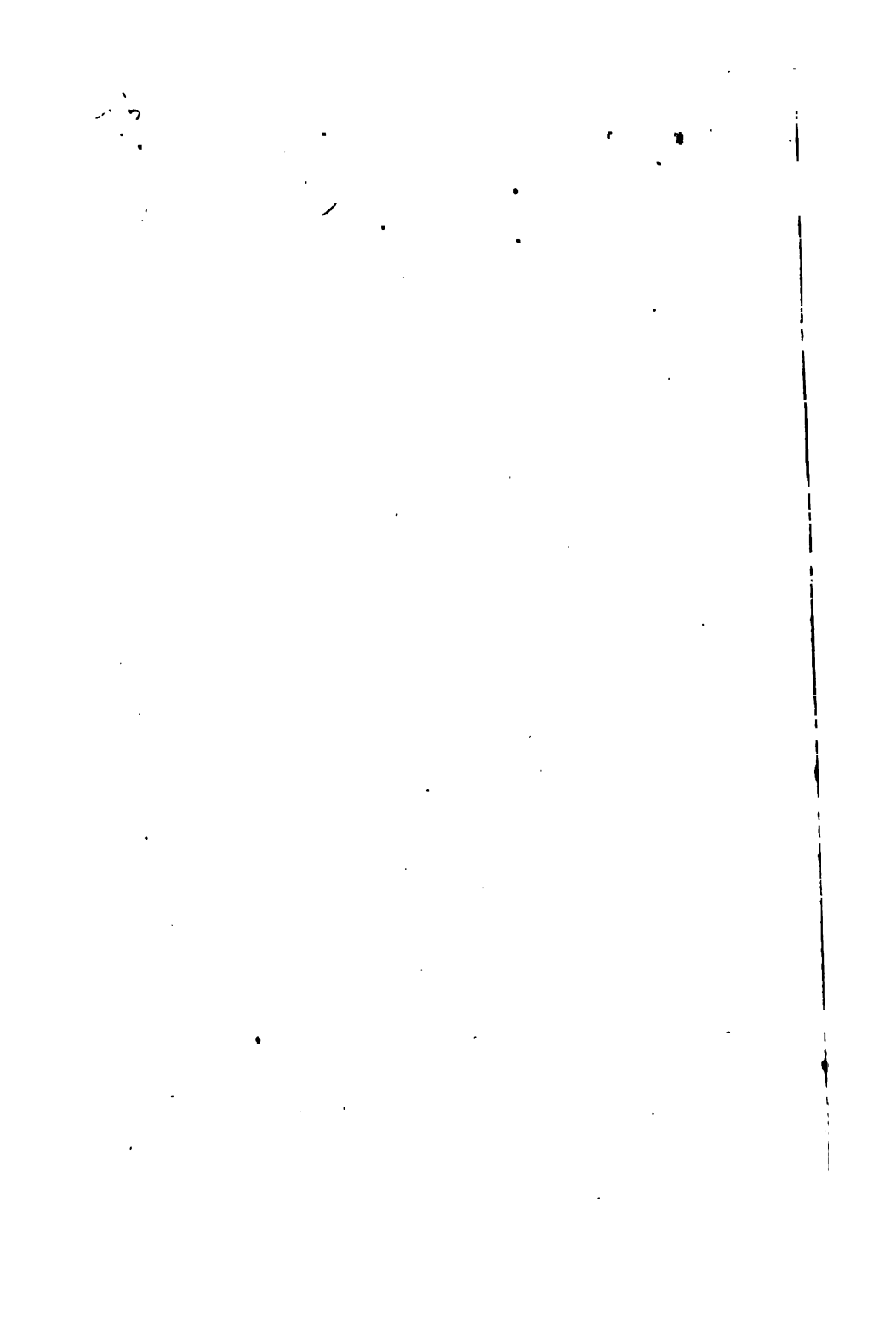
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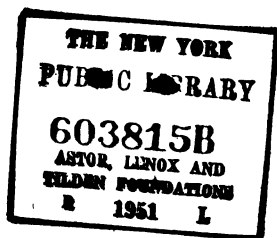
From the Editor

*This volume, privately printed, is quite distinct from the
edition of DR. SYMONDS'S MISCELLANIES already advertized
by the Publisher, MR. I. ARROWSMITH.*

N/61
Symonds



V E R S E S.



V E R S E S

BY

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, M.D.,

F.R.S.Ed., &c., &c.

You might have won the Poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gained a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious deeds
Through troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice.

Printed for private circulation only.

1871.

H1B

L. ARROWSMITH.
Printer,
QUAY STREET, BRISTOL.

PREFACE.

IN issuing this volume for private circulation I am but fulfilling one of my father's last wishes, and executing a scheme which had been planned and partly carried out by him. During the months of November and December last, complying with the desire expressed by myself and other members of his family, he employed part of his time in looking over his MSS. and arranging such few pieces of verse as had been occasionally published for him in periodicals. The selection which he then made has been printed in this volume in the order and with the titles he designed. A few pages received his corrections for the press before his last illness suspended this and all the other movements of his wonderfully powerful and active mind. To shew how thoroughly the little book belongs to him alone, I may add that he chose the paper for it, the type, and even the binding. Two additions only I have ventured to make—the

Nota - Aug 27, '51

(vi.)

stanzas printed on the title page and the poem on page 83. This is not the place for criticism or even for panegyric. I cannot, however, refrain from making the remark that those who study the following poems will come to the conclusion that their Author might, if the course of his life had permitted it, have been a poet of no ordinary excellence. The verses in the Vale of Beddgelert are by themselves enough to prove that neither the responsibilities of a most anxious life nor the graver studies of an absorbing profession had tamed his inspiration or obscured his vision. The stanzas I have chosen as a motto for the book seem better fitted than aught else to express the feeling with which we quit the perusal of these verses and reflect upon that noble life, higher and purer than all verse, which was itself a perfect Poem.

J. A. SYMONDS.

CLIFTON HILL HOUSE,

March, 1871.

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EARLY.

CHILDHOOD.

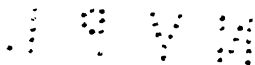
WHEN of our childhood's days the gleam
On memory's deep dark eye is falling,
So beautiful but faint they seem,
We doubt, and almost think we dream
Of worlds of light now past recalling.

So are those far-off hills that lie,
Steeped in the purple hues of even,
So faint, so melting into sky,
We scarce the shadowy rim descry,
And doubt if they be earth or Heaven.

FALLING LEAVES.

POOR prodigals ! your day is o'er,
 Ye glitter, laugh, and dance no more,
 Sunshine no more is quaffed by you,
 Nor dreamy draughts of twilight dew ;
 Down, down to earth ye tottering come,
 Ye have lost your high and prideful home ;
 Never to be what once ye were,
 The revelling denizens of air ;
 Low on the sodden ground ye're spread,
 Wasted, weltering, dying, dead—
 Ye're like the sons of man and woe,
 From dust ye came, to dust ye go.

I knew ye when your life was green—
 Bright beautiful creatures ye have been ;



(5)

Heaven's eye looked down with deeper blue,
Softer and balmier fell the dew,
The mountains doffed their snowy dress,
The air was full of tenderness,
Undimmed by vapours thick and dun
Uprose the glorious godlike sun ;
Torrents and cliff-born streams set free
Leapt forth in wild delirious glee,
And earth was glad with herb and flower,
Fair creatures ! at your natal hour ;
And soon I saw your life and sense
Grow with the season's influence ;
I saw ye dancing wild and gay,
And heard, when the young breeze of May
Trilled forth his gentle wooing song,
A fluttering all your bowers along.

I knew ye in your glorious prime,
All in the deep Midsummer time ;
The air was still as the hour of Death,

Passionless as an infant's breath ;
Never a leaf among ye stirred,
The aspen's quivering was not heard,
Birds hushed the throat and drooped the wing,
And streams forgot their murmuring ;
And I deemed a spell of sleep was o'er ye,
And visions passing bright before ye,
Dreams of one endless sunny day,
And soft dews dropping down for aye.

They are gone, alas ! eternally,
Your dreams, your spring-time, and your glee,
Gone with the hues of your greenery :
The year is waxing grey and old,
He shakes you from his bosom cold ;
The hangers-on of his youth were ye,
But now no reveller is he ;
And ye must die—the light of Heaven,
The smiles of morn, the tears of even,
And night-wind's melody no more

Their sweetness on your life may pour;—
And your old sire the forest grieves
For his green children, oh ye leaves!
His bare arms waves he to and fro,
And heaves deep groans of childless woe,
While with a hollow dirge-like wail
The breeze pours forth his love-lorn tale
Of hours when merrily he sung,
And life seemed ever fair and young.

I mourn ye leaves, I mourn your fall,
But there's a sadder thought than all,
That at the setting of your day
Your memory too shall pass away;
New offspring with another year
The forest's aged heart may cheer,
And winds inspired by other May
To other leaves may wake the lay,
And ye that were so bright and green
None will remember ye have been.

And oh! that creatures yet more fair,
More lovely than ye ever were,
Beings who made this world of gloom
As beautiful as Fairydom,
Must share your melancholy lot,
To bloom, to fade, and be forgot!
In vain they draw the charmed throng,
In vain they wake the voice of song,
The crowd shall scattered be, and death
Shall hush to sleep the poet's breath;
And the remembrance pass away
Of theme, of poet, and of lay;—
And then shall other things of light
Rise, live, and make all life more bright,
And bards shall praise, and crowds admire,
And these too in their turn retire,
Till life's strange mystery is o'er,
And God says "Time shall be no more!"

ARCHIMEDES.

HE scorned the sword of single might,
He needed not the shield,
Such were the arms of common fight,
Such arms a slave might wield:
But as for him, methinks as well
The ocean in his angriest swell
Might bid some brook to yield
Its waveless stream to join the tide
That triumphs o'er a navy's pride.

Fair Syracuse's walls below
Lay many a vessel tall,
Strained was each archer's ready bow,
Each slingsman fixed the ball;

When lo ! ere yet the effort's breath,
Ere fly the messengers of death,
 The ship, her warriors all,
Aloft are whirled 'twixt earth and sky,
The sport of art's dread potency !

Suddenly swung into the air,
 Then dashed from rock to rock—
And none could tell or when, or where
 First came the fearful shock.
Marcellus, on the distant wave,
Saw the grim sight, but could not save,
 Science was there to mock
His Roman haughtiness, and shew
Her favourite was no common foe !

Her favourite—*he*, the patriot sage,
 Dared e'en to Heaven aspire
For help his wondrous war to wage :
 Yea, the great god of fire

Confessed the master's spell, and bent—
The monarch of the firmament,
The vassal of his ire—
From blazing ships a deep red hue
Mingled around with ocean's blue.

Oh, Syracuse! alas! that e'er
The scene of strife was changed:
Too well had marked the Roman where
The might of Science ranged.
No longer trusted he the main
But on the shore his legion-train
In close-set camps arranged;
Then watched with Foeman's eye till Fate
Should point him to the yielding gate.

Alas! that night's sad merriment!
When many a joyous cry
Flew to the sleepless Consul's tent,
On wings of treachery.

Yes, mirth betrayed as it had done,
When in besotted Babylon
 Belshazzar feasted high;
The reveller's wine had stained the floor
His own red blood must soon run o'er.

But where the Sage? aloof from all,
 He at that fated hour,
Deaf to the voice of festival,
 Had sought his secret bower—
And there, with more than mortal's wand,
Was tracing on the scattered sand
 The emblems of his power—
Anxiously pondering yet if aught
Might for his country's weal be wrought.

Hark! hark! those strange sounds horrible,
 Startling the solemn night!
Not these of feastful frenzy tell;
 But woe and wild affright—

Shrieks of unarmed wretches flying,

Groans and wailings of the dying,

Destruction infinite.—

Plunderers rifling—horsemen scouring—

Mothers o'er their children cowering.

Near and more near the sacred spot

Gathered the slaughtering band,

But Archimedes heard them not,

Before him flashed a brand :

“ Hold,” cried the sage, e'en yet intent,

“ One moment more,” and still he bent

His eyes upon the sand.

'Twas o'er, he saw his heart's warm tide

Gush on the diagram—and died !

(16)

Sudden and fleet, but passing sweet,
 Swells like thine own.

I have dreams, bright dreams by night,
 And day-dreams without number;
Have these no stirring sound or sight
 To rouse the chords from slumber?
Oh! ever then in one long, long strain
 The music seems to flow:
For of all my dreams the only themes
 Are Love and Thou!

MADONNA.

Our lady! who can look on her
Nor long to be a worshipper?
Virgin mother! can it be
Idolatry to worship thee?
Thee the chosen child of earth
To give her bright deliv'rer birth?
Who can gaze on thee unawed,
Thee, the mother of a God!

Sleeping on thy brow we see
The shadow of divinity,
As when the tidings thou didst hear
From God's own Seraph-messenger,

Bending to the high behest,
And thy arms upon thy breast,
Folded in a soft embrace—
Ah! where is sweeter resting-place?

But not alone before thy brow
With awe enraptured mortals bow,
O'er all thy features there is thrown
A beauty only like their own.
Nought of passion, nought of care
Nought of earthly darkness there,
Save in the lid o'ershadowed eye
The shrinking of humility :
Such—but what can words express,
It makes us worship loveliness.

Mary! our souls we search within
To tell thy beauty's origin ;
Shall we say what it appears?
'Tis not of smiles—'tis not of tears—

'Tis bright but not with pleasure's glow,
There's something sad but not of woe,
Less of earth, and more of Heaven,
To thee alone 'tis given;
It hath a soul to love and bless,
Reveals a mother's tenderness,
And with these thou wert confessed
Of all earth's daughters loveliest;
But we feel 'tis something more
That makes our spell-bound souls adore,
'Tis the light from gazing on
The brightness of thy God-born son.

Blest Virgin! how we gaze and stay
Nor think to tear ourselves away,
Now we gaze, and now we pray;
Ah! it is impiety
To doubt that thou hast power on high:
What though all of earth we could
Kneel before thy womanhood!

But now we throw us at thy feet,
And thou who wert not deemed unmeet
The singled instrument to be
Of God's sublimest mystery,
Hast thou not the might to pray
For the lower sons of clay?
Will they not hear thee, Virgin, say,
The God of Love, thy well-loved son?
We know thou art an honoured one,
And pity those who hold the creed
That thou canst never intercede.

Methinks my far-sent eye can see
What on the day of days shall be:
Great God! forgive me if I fly
For mortal wings too daringly,
But while upon the judgment throne
Sits awfully the Eternal Son,
Thee, holy, lovely Virgin, thee
Of all that glorious company,

(21)

Nearmost to his side I see :
And lo ! his countenance divine
On all doth beam but most on thine ;
On thee in that blest attitude
Of thy soul's meek and lowly mood,
With love that knows not to abate,
So tender and compassionate,
As when upon the impious tree,
Ere that he had bowed his head
And earth had heard "'tis finished,"
From the midst of his mortal agony
He looked and still remembered thee.*

* These Lines were intended to be an imaginary representation of the supposed feelings of a Roman Catholic, before the author had had any opportunities of studying the works of the Old Masters.

A DIRGE.

Joy and woe, joy and woe!
Thus our earthly moments go—
Storm-cloud, rainbow, smile and tear;
Bear on the bier!

Five nights gone, was Alice dancing
On lawns beneath the full moon's glancing,
The waning moon scarce breaks the shade
Where she'll be laid.

Four nights gone, her fairy song
Floated the festive hall along;
Deep swells our chaunt of funeral
Around her pall.

Three nights gone, at altar-stone
Her lover claimed her for his own ;
Other, faster knots are tied :
 She is Death's bride.

The bridal dress she may not wear,
Nor gems may light her raven hair,
The shroud's the only garment meet,
 And winding-sheet.

The myrtle and the rose that lay
Along the path are swept away ;
There boughs of dismal cypress lie
 And rosemary.

Joy and woe, joy and woe !
Thus our earthly moments go—
Storm-cloud, rainbow, smile and tear ;
 Bear on the bier !

TO A VIOLET IN NOVEMBER.

GOD bless thee, gentle Violet!
Though storms thy beauty bow,
Thou art a lingerer still, and yet
How frail art thou!

Thou first when winter's reign is past
Spring's joyous birth to tell;
When winter comes again, the last
To bid farewell.

Thou of all flowers the fondest art;
Is woman's love like thee?
Hailing our joys, yet loth to part
In misery!

Sweet Violet! thou wert born to be
By dews and soft airs kissed—
Thy lovely hue, for skies as blue,
Not storm and mist!

And Woman,—heavenly Woman, she
Was made for light and bloom,
Yet if but love entreats, like thee
She flies not gloom.

Oh Violet, since that bright spring-tide,
Which first unveiled' thy face,
How many a summer flower hath died
And left no trace!

And oh! since then how changed am I,
Whose tears bedew thy bed,
My summer-dream of joy gone by,
Hope's flowers all dead!

Thee may bereaved nature own
The flower of memory,
Alas! that pensive flower alone
Is left to me!

But thou with spell yet deeper fraught
Hast bound thee to my heart,
Thou of my soul's most secret thought
A portion art!

Thine and the dear name of another
I learned to deem as one—
That name I've taught me now to smother,
Heaven's will be done!

Once spring—young joyous spring and ye
I fondly linked together—
Now ye have fitting company
With wintry weather!

A SKETCH.

O'ER the bright ringlets of that maid
Few winters yet have thrown their shade,
Few summer's airs among them played ;
Yet dawns around her, all confess,
Far more than childhood's loveliness ;
More in her step you may descry
Than childhood's graceful liberty ;
Her snowy brow shines clear and smooth,
As aye should shine the brow of youth,
Yet something o'er it seems to throw
A shadow more of thought than woe ;
And her eye though young and blue,
Strange gleams of feeling lighten through,
And starlike thoughts beam high and holy,
So bright and yet so melancholy :

Upon her dimpled cheek appears,
No furrow worn by Passion's tears,
Yet oft along its tablet pale
The quick blood tells a thrilling tale
As of some secret spirit-sense
Blent with her young life's innocence :
Her voice breathes tones like those that come
In Fancy's hours from fairydom ;
Around her lips flit smiles as gay,
As sunbeams that on roseleaves play ;
Yet never she unmeaning smiled ;
In sooth it is a wondrous child ;
Seems it as now she were imbued
With all that charms in womanhood ;
Or as e'en now 'twere all but given
To be what she will be in Heaven !—
Methinks this mystical revealing
Of hidden depths of thought and feeling,
This dim yet lovely shadowing forth
Of future graces, future worth,

Resembles that yon moon displays
Now trembling in her earlier days :
There e'en by careless eye is seen,
Beyond that crescent's pearly sheen,
A faint and dreamlike tracery
Of what that thing of life shall be—
Doth it not a promise tender
Of perfect orb, and perfect splendour ?
Before which stars burn dim and dull,
While Heaven's face beams more beautiful ;
E'en so in full-grown charms arrayed
Shall one day shine this little maid.

TO TWO FRIENDS

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

WANDERING through a dreary plain
I did follow rivers twain;
They looked upon the self-same Heaven
Whence back to both soft looks were given;
On both the sun his eye did keep,
On both the moonlight loved to sleep,
In both the stars would love to peer
At stars as glittering and clear—
And yet apart those waters were!
And their course was sad and slow,
Wearily they seemed to flow,

No soft green banks had they to lave ;
No trees their shady comfort gave,
Nor flowers, nor birds were on their edge,
But an ever-sighing sedge !—

I had seen them when their way
Through a land of beauty lay—
Now through meadows many-hued
Gliding on in quietude,
Sparkling 'mid the sunny glade,
Calmly revelling in shade ;
Now in forests, now in caves,
Now again the joyous waves
Bursting forth and madly fleeing
To give the sun a gladsome greeting—
And I alas ! had seen them go
Where all was agony and woe,
Writhing through the rifted rocks,
Shattered with a thousand shocks,

Dashed adown the precipice
Deep, deep into a black abyss—
Then along this plain so dreary
I saw them wandering slow and weary.

But praise to Heaven! what see I now,
'Tis a goodly sight I trow!
There the plain is at an end,
And their gentle course they bend
Towards the other each bright river,
Again to flow asunder never!
Hail, hail, ye confluent waters!

Roll joyously and strong—
The loveliest of the Naiad daughters
Shall sing your course along.

Your banks with the loveliest of flowerets are smiling,
Heaven's songsters your beautiful journey beguiling,
Proud wave the elms, as they sheltering throw
Their arms o'er your billows that ripple below,

(33)

Bulwarks of forest-clothed hills shall defend ye,
And a heralding, Heaven-sent light shall attend ye,
Till your wanderings end in a wondrous sea
As bright and as blest as Eternity !

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

WHEN think we most fondly of Home? Oh say
Is it when in the lighted hall
We mingle with all that is bright and gay
In joyous festival?

Fired with the glance of Woman's eye,
Catching the smile of mirth,
Then fly our thoughts most ardently
To our home and its quiet hearth?

Or is it when on some favourite star
We are gazing in calm delight,
And think it is beaming on those afar,
As beautiful and bright?

(35)

Or when sadly our eyes we strain
To mountains in long array,
Stretching to meet the dark-blue train
Of our own hills far away?

Deep then are our thoughts, but not so deep
As when in the shades of night,
On the couch we lie, nor care for sleep
If memory grant her light.

Then rise before us the whole dear band;
Each form we distinctly tell;
Again we view each waving hand,
And we hear each last farewell.

Then all other thoughts their faces hide;
We live only in this one scene:
And awhile the whole wide world beside
Seems as it ne'er had been.

ELECTIONEERING SONG.

SHOUT for the Blue,* the glorious Blue,
Victorious and undying!
Emblem of constant hearts and true,
All other hues outvying.

Not the blue of yon fickle sky
That unruly clouds roll over,
Never choose we such shifting dye,
To flit when tempests hover.

Ours the blue of yon ocean wide,
The blue that changes never:

* Blue was the Liberal color in Oxford, where this song
was written.

(37)

Though swells the storm, that purple tide
Rolls, and rolls on for ever.

'Twas there we got the glorious blue,
When Britain's might unbroken
Rode triumphing, and with her drew
That hue for Victory's token.

Then shout for the Blue, the deep, deep Blue,
Victorious and undying!
Emblem of constant hearts and true,
All other hues outvying.

LINES.

I GAZED upon the dwelling of my love,
The hills below, the glorious sky above;
I gazed, and gazed, and still they bore me on;
Again I threw my look, and it was gone.
My eyes leaped wildly forth in their despair
To search for it; the Heaven alone was there:
“’Twas ever thus,” I cried, “my heart was riven,
For there all hope, all peace, all joy was given—
One step, one bright short step, between that home
and Heaven.”

LATER.

TO AN ANTIQUE.

LOVELY boy! how calm thou sleepest,
Yet thy slumber's not the deepest—
Half-folded only are thy wings;
And thy limbs, half-stretch'd, half-bent,
In easy, graceful languishment,
Tell that with all airy things,
Birds, sprites, and men's imaginings,
Through the yielding element,
In a moment's flash awake,
Thou thy soaring way could'st take!
So lightly, boy, thou slumberest,
The rose leaves dropp'd upon thy breast
Not so soon are scatter'd,

Nor the lake's fair mirror shatter'd
By rustling breezes, as thy rest
By words unspoken; yet thy dreaming
Is of things of heavenliest seeming—
All that's brightest, best and fairest,
All that on our earth is rarest.

Yet boy, thy sleep
Is not so deep
But that present things are blending
With thy beatific vision;
Earth her choicest gifts is sending
To meet thee in thy fields elysian;
As o'er thy cheek the west wind plays,
Memory tells of halcyon days;
The fragrance of the roses round thee
In a happy spell has bound thee;
The trilling lark, the murmuring stream,
Awake thee not, but in thy dream
Thou the melody art feeling;
And though 'twould seem thine eye is hid

From light, yet through its drooping lid
 The sunshine soft is stealing.
 But vainly clouds are o'er it hovering,
 Shadows cannot pierce that covering.

Ah, happy boy!
 Such slumber to be taking:
 Nought but joy,
 Half in slumber, half in waking,
 Thou from earth and Heaven dost borrow,
 To joy awake—asleep to sorrow.
 Ah! just like thee Love doth seem,
 Living in a long day-dream,
 Gathering from what's earthly real,
 Enough to deck his soul's ideal;
 But *he* one day must have his waking,
 And find his airy visions breaking;
 Such doom can never *thee* befall;
 Fast lock'd in happy magic thrall,
 Which nor chance nor change can sever,
 Thou art bound to sleep for ever!

Twice ten hundred years have flown,
Since first thy form on earth was known ;
Ten thousand thousand living men
Have slept and woke and slept since then ;
The artist of that wondrous land
Where art's chief prodigies were plann'd,
When he with his cunning hand,
Thy sleeping, waking, form had moulded,
With thy pinions scarcely folded,
And thy limbs half-stretch'd, half-bent,
In luxurious languishment,
In his teeming fancy meant
Thou should'st seem to wake at will ;—
So thou seem'st, yet sleepest still,
Ever sleeping, waking ever,
Such the fancy's bright endeavour,
Such the sculptor's shaping skill—
Thou lovely, lasting miracle !

S H A D O W S.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Floating far o'er the hills away ;
As over the sky
The light clouds fly,
So o'er the mountains wander they.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows;
Sleeping soft on the meadows green ;
Fair are the flowers
In sunbright bowers,
But fairer the flowers those shades between !

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Dancing light on the ocean spray;
Changing each wave
From gay to grave,
Like the frowning smiles of a child at play.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sinking deep in the moonlit lake;
Where the mountains seem
As if view'd in a dream,
And a world of purer beauty make.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,—
In the world without and the world within;
For joy may borrow
A charm from sorrow,
And charity smile on repentant sin.

Oh the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Falling soft on the dazzled vision ;
 When the tender thought,
 By memory brought,
Tempers the glare of hope's elysian.

And there are shadows—merciful shadows,
Dropping like balm on the bleeding heart
 When first it knows
 That love's flame glows
Stronger and purer when joys depart.

Then bless the shadows—the beautiful shadows ;
And take this thought as you gaze abroad ;
 That in heaven and earth
 Shades owe their birth
To Light—and Light is the Shadow of God.*

* *Lux umbra Dei*—an old Platonic notion.

THE BROTHERS.*

[The elder fell in the first onset at the battle of the Alma; the younger died of cholera, one month afterwards, before Sebastopol.]

I.

SLEEP on! sleep on! ye beautiful and brave!—

Where late the cannon's boom

Thunder'd its voice of doom;

Where late your charging cry

Rose o'er the rattling musquetry;

All now is still, save Alma's rippling wave;

Sleep on! sleep on! ye beautiful and brave.

* The Brothers were Sir William Morrison Gordon, British Major of the Buffs, killed at the Battle of Alma, 1854 and his brother Sir George who died before Sebastopol the same year. The present and 9th Bn. Sir Charles Gordon's Regiment is an acquaintance, my own father.

(49)

II.

Soon was thy warfare ended, thou young chief!
No weary, fitful story
Of years of toil for hours of glory;
From off that field, thy first and last,
Thou at one bound hast pass'd
To fame! Ah, Fame, thou cheerest not our grief;
Pale are the brows and cold, where twines thy laurel-leaf.

III.

They saw Death beckon from the fierce hill-side,
As by the camp-fires' light
They watch'd that dreary night;
But when the morning broke
On a hundred batteries' blaze and smoke,
With bounding hearts they clear'd the shot-lash'd tide,
Sprang at the cannon's throat, and wrestling died.

IV.

Sleep! calmly sleep! ye beautiful and brave!
By sacred lips the words are said,
Which soothe the living, bless the dead;
Heroes are buried where they fall,—
No funeral pomp or pall,—
A warrior's cloak is all;—
With this a brother in true soldier's grave
Folds the lov'd form he would have died to save.

V.

Sleeps now that brother, too—yet sleeps not there :
O cruel, fatal Chersonese !
Insatiate War! Must fell Disease
With Slaughter join to feed
Thy ever-growing greed?
The siege drags on; valour in vain may dare;
Weapons are mould'ring in the sickly air;
Reckless of shot and shell, ev'n lightest hearts despair.

(51)

VI.

Past is your pain and peril: sleep, ye brave!

Glory is yours, and rest!

But many a gentle breast

Shall shudder at your tale,

Many a blooming cheek grow pale;

While Faith shall turn bereav'd eyes from the grave,

To Him who only taketh what He gave,

Whose Holiest came to suffer and to save;

In Him sleep on! ye beautiful and brave!

ON A PICTURE BY NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

Et ego in Arcadiâ vixi.

AH, happy youths! ah, happy maid!
Take present pleasure while ye may;
Laugh, dance, and sing in sunny glade;
Your limbs are light, your hearts are gay;
Ye little think there comes a day
('Twill come to you, it came to me,)
When love and life shall pass away,—
I too once dwelt in Arcady!

Or listless lie by yonder stream,
And muse and watch the ripples play;
Or note their noiseless flow and deem
That life thus gently glides away,

That love is but a sunny ray
To make our years go joyously;
I knew that stream, I too could dream,—
I too once dwelt in Arcady!

Sing, shepherds, sing! sweet lady, listen!
Sing to the music of the rill!
With happy tears her bright eyes glisten;
For as each pause the echoes fill,
They waft her name from hill to hill—
Sweet Amaryll! Sweet Amaryll!
So listened my lost love to me;
The voice she loved has long been still,—
I too once dwelt in Arcady!

(54)

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

EVE's latest light still lingered fair
On each sepulchral stone,
As through the dim Cathedral aisle
I wandered all alone.

I looked not on the faded shield
Of pompous heraldry ;
My mood was not to moralize
On Death's sad mockery.

I looked not on the tomb of him
Who died in Holy War—
A kindling sight! but I was pressed
With thoughts more tender far.

Alas! I saw beneath me spread
Many a pavement stone,
That touched my very soul, albeit
The names were all unknown.

It was enough that I might see
The ages graven there;
Scarce twice ten years, or little more,
Was all they did declare.

Enough that round me withered lay
The very bloom of life,
The manly youth, the maid betrothed,
The wife, not long a wife.

"Come hither, hoary-headed man,
I pray you tell to me,
What mean so many early graves :
Declare why this should be ?

Methinks that Death is dainty here
To store such youthful clay ;
Elsewhere he smites both old and young
The care-worn and the gay."

"Oh ! know ye not that hard by flows
A spring of virtuous powers,
To heal that fell disease which blights
So many English flowers ?

So hither many a faded one
Fond friends and parents bear ;
Most that lie buried 'neath our feet
I ween were strangers here.

(57)

They sleep not with their father's bones,
No kindred o'er them sigh"—
The old man turned away nor saw
The tears that dimmed mine eye.

He turned away, and little thought
What lesson he had spoken
On Fate's inexorable will
And Hope's frail visions broken.

TO A FRIEND

IN RETURN FOR A PRESENT OF A BLOCK OF CARRARA
MARBLE, WITH VERSES.

THERE was, dear Friend, nor long ago a time
When gift like thine had certainly inspired
Not altogether unbecfitting rhyme ;
And though 'tis now not one whit less admired,
Whether my harp needs to be newly wired,
Or that my hand hath lost its former cunning,
Or that with grosser toil 'tis worn and tired,
Or that the notes come out so harsh and stunning,
Or that, as much I fear, my spirit's wine is running

Into the lees, I can not bring one line
To sound in sweet responsive symphony
To notes so soft and musical as thine ;
Therefore with syllables of prose must be
My friend content, or what seems such to thee
And other souls poetic, though the ending
Of every line here writ goes jinglingly
In rhyme, and to each opening word I'm lending
• Capital letters—thus to poetry pretending.

But were my ancient art not lost, I'd tell •
How in this marble from Carrara's mine
All loveliest forms unseen and silent dwell,
Waiting alone the sculptor's hand divine
To charm them from their prison crystalline.
The finest chisel e'en of Phidias never
Created aught of fair ; all art's design
Is but those hard material bonds to sever,
That else keep beauty's form in durance bound for ever.

Oh genius ! never boast thyself creative !
Forbear to mock the sole Artificer !
They who descant on power imaginative,
As 'twere a fount of being, wildly err ;
The brightest poet, best philosopher,
Doth but evolve what had whilome its birth.
Yet Genius, yet thou art God's minister,
Bringing to light all hidden things of worth,
And drawing rays of Heaven from darkest dens of Earth.

LATEST

Y E R S E S

IN THE VALE OF BEDDGELERT.

TIME was—and for that time full oft I yearn,
When sights and sounds which cheered or soothed my soul
In many a lyric vision would return,
In many a tuneful echo backward roll.

Not shattered was my lamp*; its flame unfanned
Waxed dim, for other cares compelled my will:
Not broken was my lute; only the hand
That woke its chords hath lost its little skill.

* Alluding to Shelley's well-known lines:

"When the lamp is shattered."

Ah, happy days! Ah, happy dreamful time!

When all the world of sense was steeped in hues
Caught from Imagination's airy clime,
Then fixed for ever by the faithful Muse.

God's will be done! He gives—He takes again!

His gifts I would resign without a sigh;
I would not weep o'er Fancy's faded reign,
Nor mourn my long-lost spells of poesy;

Could I but feel my reason's eyesight clearer,
My will less warped or won by fond desire,
The good of others, not mine own, grown dearer,
My faith made firmer and my hope set higher.

God grant these gifts! so shall I then behold

Thy world in truer light, a light from Thee!
Fairer than Fancy's feigning words e'er told,
And heralding the world that is to be!

TO BLANCHE ON HER WEDDING DAY.

THOUGH at the altar-steps I may not kneel
 With thee, dear Blanche, this happy morn, nor stand
 In the bright circle of the festive band,
 That solemn wait to see the sacred seal
 Set on thy human love, nor join the appeal
 To Heaven's high court, yet thou wilt understand
 How from a fane unbuilt by mortal hand,
 The spirit's silent temple, tears may steal

For thee, and that inseparable friend,
 Who from far lands, a Saxon conqueror,
 Now claims his prize. Heaven's gentlest dews descend
 On thee, sweet flower, that soon wilt deck no more
 Thine island Home! O stranger, softly tend
 Our English lily on that distant shore!

A PHILOSOPHER'S PSALM.

GOD! whom I distantly revere,
Help me to know and feel thee near;
Awestruck thy works and laws I trace:
Would that my spirit felt thy grace!

In clearest deep-cut characters
Nature thy authorship avers;
Her miracles are thy design,
Her arts, her inspiration thine.

That page I see, that text I read,
No commentary's gloss I need;
A finer, subtler force impart,
Writing thy law upon my heart.

(67)

Oft have I gazed around and mused,
Seeing thee everywhere diffused,
Within, without, below, above,
Vast circumflux of power and love.

But yet not mine thy love I call,
Not mine, if but a part of All;
The fly, the flower, the worm, the clod,
These all are circumfused with God.

A voice my spirit's depths within
Cries, "Surely I am more akin—
Atom of man's divinity,
I claim with God affinity!"—

Nor claim I only as a man,
Or one of Japhet's lordly clan,
But from my individual soul,
The oneness of my personal whole.

The stars that gem the vault of night,
Make up one universe of light ;
But not the less each several star
Shines separate and singular.

But higher far my claims aspire
Than orbs of gross material fire ;
A microcosm in me lies,
Embracing all the entities,

In worlds beneath, above, around,—
From Heaven's high pole to earth's profound :—
I fathom seas, I measure suns,
And count how fast their radiance runs :

And all that *has* been, on my brain
By History's pen is written plain ;
And all that *might* be, Verse makes mine,
Singing in sweet notes sibylline :

And all that's seized by eager sense,
Or held by strong intelligence,
Is mine, with many a mystery
Laid bare by new philosophy.

Vain boast!—This lore, oh Lord, I find
Thrown on the mirror of my mind :
A mirror moulded by thy skill,
Which thou canst blur or break at will.

Help me to learn thy better lore !
For this I'd fain all else ignore ;
That highest wisdom make thou mine
To know no other will than thine ;

To see in Christ thy Godhead given
For man to mark twixt earth and heaven,
His faith transcending petty creeds,
And love that lived in loving deeds.

(70)

That life when man can imitate,
He'll triumph over Time and Fate;
And seeing sin and hatred driven
From earth, find earth transformed to Heaven.

REQUIESCAT.

H. C. S.

LAY her down till God uptakes her,—
Resting till the last trump wakes her;—
God can tell what's only human,
Can part the Angel from the Woman.

Let her rest and sleep undreaming,
Unperplexed with real or seeming;
No need to winnow fancy's visions
From insights keen or fine decisions.

The doubtful truth, the truthlike error,
Are gone with all the brood of terror;
Gone too the weariness and aching
Of quivering nerve, and woes heart-breaking.

Deep is now thy slumber dearest!
Nothing of our sobs thou hearest,
Though once thy heart would wildly flutter
At faintest sigh that friend might utter.

We may sleep, but sleep dream-shaken,
Ever dreading to awaken;
To ope our eyes on new to-morrows,
Certain of our present sorrows.

For thou who wert our light and joyance,
The solace of each day's annoyance,
Art gone!—and is the life that's left us
The life we had ere God bereft us?

Alas! these vain and worthless wailings!
Alas! these timorous heart-failings!
Thou, albeit so tender-loving,
Would'st give our grief a mild reproving,

And tell us joy is lent, not given—
The world we have is Earth, not Heaven;
That if our dear ones left us never
We fain would live as now for ever;

And lose, thus bound by love's soft fetter,
Our hold on worlds supremely better.—
It might be so, but oh! thou darling,
Our heart—like iterative starling—

Still cries, “come back! come back!” returning
To the same wish with bitter yearning.
And is our grief too unrelenting?
God made us—so we live lamenting,

Till grief its fiery work has finished,
Then slowly, stealthfully diminished,
Sinks into soft regret, undying,
That still will look were thou art lying.

Then rest thee till an angel wakes thee,
Sleep sweetly till the Saviour takes thee.

J. A. S. TO J. A. S.

AFTER THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION, 1860.

No leaflet to thy crown a father's praise
Could add! Enough there was in place and time,
Enough from lovely eyes and brows sublime,
To shed a glory on thy youthful bays;
Enough, that thou wert linked with other days;—
For in that hall which heard thy laurelled rhyme
Erst many a splendid fame had flushed its prime.
But, floating o'er the pomp, my fancy's gaze
Traced a fair phantom in that theatre,—
Dark to all eyes, mute to all ears but mine,—
And, piercing through the plaudits, I could hear
These loving words,—thy mother's voice divine,—
“I would not have thy praise less brightly shine,
But Goodness is the Glory of my sphere.”

(75)

HOME SONNETS.

1867.

TO E. H. S. C .

EDITH, accept this metrical caress!

Bright, sweet, first-born! to thee may well belong

Such notes as still fall from thy father's tongue.

Thine the first voice thy father's soul to bless

With melodies as sweet as numberless;

The first to lead that simple choric song

Which children sing unwitting all day long

By living lives of love and happiness.

For love and health and bliss are harmony!—

Once a rough discord did thy music rive,

Resolved in patience meek and gentle glee,

When thou from pain didst painfully revive.—

Darling, I joy that in thy darlings five

Thou and dear Charles have what I had in thee.

** To Miss Cane whose wedding card
was sent to me.*

To M. I. S.

TEN years, sweet Maribella, ten years since !
 It seems but yestermorn since - thou full-dressed
 In bridal plumage flew from out our nest ;
 The memory still doth make my fond heart wince—
 But yet those tender words of him, the Prince
 Of living bards, have been by me confessed
 Potent to strengthen and to soothe the breast,
 And him a master of heart-love evince.
 Thy lord, thy love, my friend and counsellor,
 Thy boys bright, as their ruddy locks of gold,
 That with strong tendrils to thy heart-strings hold,
 As thine to mine, in the dear days of yore,—
 In these I find “ new things as dear as old ”*
 And all thy sweetness an unlesening store.

* In Memoriam, XXXIX.

*Lady Strickland, the author's second
 daughter, wife of Sir Edward Strickland, Bart.
 of Sutton Court, Somerset*

To J. A. S.

AND thou art gone, my boy! Ah! boy no more,
But full-grown man and father. By that sign,
With but too sure a presage I divine
How few can be the seasons left in store
To pass in tender converse as of yore.—

I to the dregs have all but drained life's wine,
And other joys and other cares are thine,
Where thou art wandering on a far-off shore.

I too once tore me from my home away,
And sire and mother dear;—else where wert thou?

Thou and thy genius ne'er had seen the day,
Or buried lain, as Pallas' heavenly brow,

And God or Hero lapped in marble lay,
Till Phidias woke them!—Some live even now.

To C. B. S.

My precious child! why has thy mirror'd face
A half-regret into my spirit sent?
Most like it is in each dear lineament—
There—thou art smiling with thine own sweet grace—
Nothing of pain or sorrow can I trace—
Sunbeams and chemic art their spells have lent
Duly thy gentle charms to represent—
How can discomfort in my heart find place?
Alas! a foolish, envious fear I own,
Lest this thy only presence here should be—
The real shining elsewhere, not on me.
This but the substitute for treasure flown!
So shadow-led from present good we flee,
O'er ills imagined peevishly to moan.

(79)

To M. A. S. *

LOOKING on these my children, sister dear—

Though thou wert ever full of "pity and ruth,"

Though "deeds of light" have from thine earliest
youth

Followed thy meek and merciful career,

So that a counterpart thou dost appear

To her whom Milton in his seerlike sooth

Saw taking part with Mary and with Ruth,—

Looking at these the semblance seems more clear.

For they were so forlorn and motherless,

And thou to them a second mother given—

This thought perhaps such murmurings may make less,

Such as sometimes e'en holiest musings leaven;

Thy life has been bliss-giving blessedness,

And though thou walk'st alone, thy goal is Heaven.

* My dear sister, almost my elder,
friends in the world, now I and my brother,
Francis, need an admirer. I have heard
and I believe in the words of the
author, the story of the family.

(80)

To — *

AH me! Ah me! thou dearest and long-lost!

Why should our verse so long from thee refrain?

Oblivion holds thee not, nor can restrain

Our voices; are we then too passion-tost

To commune duly with thy gentle ghost?

At thy dear name methought like sudden rain,

Or a swoll'n flood, had burst the lyric strain

Drowning as dross whate'er its torrent crost.

Ah no! sweet love! in holy calm thou sleepest,

In a pure ether by no earth-sound stirr'd—

As there a reticence sublime thou keepest,

So here no clamour of our songs be heard!

Lie still my heart! if inwardly thou weepest,

No sob, no sigh, not even a whispered word.

* To Heron, the Hunter of the East,
and the Hunter of the West.

PROMETHEUS.

*Our lamented SIR JAMES SIMPSON was the subject of
angina pectoris.*

I.

“AH me! alas! pain, pain, ever, for ever!”

So groaned upon his rock that Titan good,
Who by his brave and loving hardihood
Was to weak man of priceless boons the giver,
Which e'en the supreme tyrant could not sever
From us, once given;—we own him in our food
And in our blazing hearth's beatitude;
Yet still his cry was “pain, ever, for ever!”
Shall we a later, harder doom rehearse?

One came whose art men's dread of art repressed;
Mangled and writhing limbs he lulled to rest,
And stingless left the old Semitic curse;
Him, too, for these blest gifts did Zeus amerce?
He, too, had vultures tearing at his breast.

II.

Hush! Pagan complaints, our Titan is unbound;
The cruel beak and talons scared away;
As once upon his mother's lap he lay,
So rests his head august on holy ground;
Spells stronger than his own his pangs have found;
He hears no clamour of polemic fray,
Nor recks he what unthankful men may say;
Nothing can vex him in that peace profound.
And where his loving soul, his genius bold?
In slumber? or already sent abroad
On angel's wings and works, as some men hold?
Or waiting Evolution's change, unawed?
All is a mystery, as Saint Paul has told,
Saying: "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

March 13, 1870.

A LAMENT.*

SPRING is coming again—and Thou,
Wilt thou not come again?
Buds are bursting on every bough,
That withered seemed and dead till now;
The fields, where nought but snow was seen,
Are smiling, with flowers besprent, and green;
Birds that fled from the wintry weather
Are winging their homeward way together;—
Wilt thou not come again?

* This poem, if classed by its date, ought to have been inserted in the Later Poems. It is placed here alone, because its author did not intend to print it, and it is now printed by his son only because of its great beauty and because it is a lament not only for her for whom it was written, but now, alas! also for him to whom she was most dear.

Ah me! I call in vain:

Thou wilt not come again.

Skies may shine, and spring restore

Leaves, birds and flowers—but thee, no more.

Nought can revive thy perished bloom;

No power thy light once quenched relume;

For thou art laid in the silent tomb!

Thou canst not come again.

Thou never wilt come again:—

Never—never—never!

Alas! alas! that dreary word!

The saddest sound ear ever heard!

It seems all hope from life to sever:

Oft have I heard its tone before,

But never till now such weight it bore;

It presses upon my heart and brain

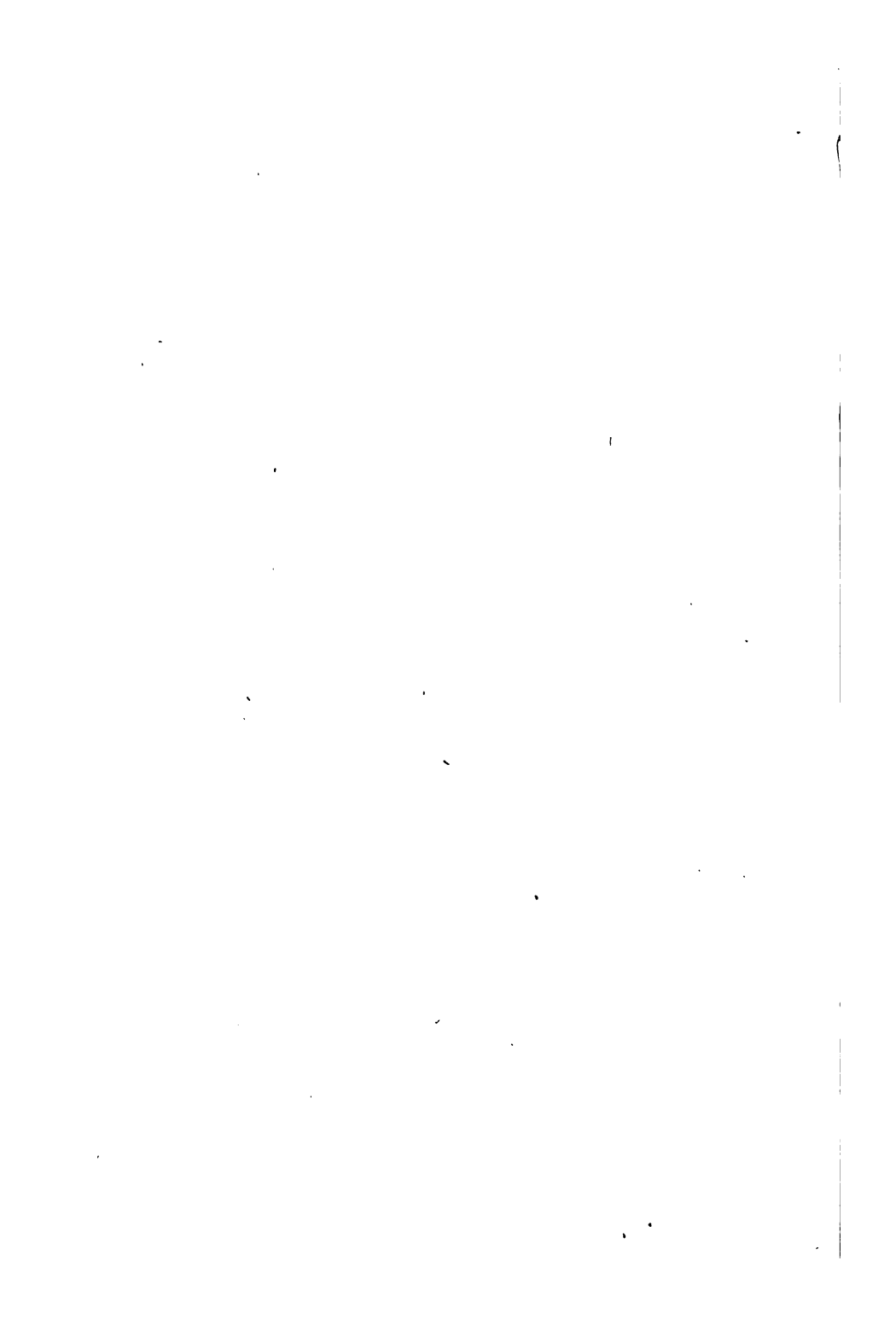
With a crushing ever-during pain—

Thou never wilt come again!

✱

February, 1845.

TRANSLATIONS.



FROM MINNERMUS.

Τῆς δὲ βίος.

WHAT'S Life or Pleasure wanting Aphrodite?
 When to the goldhaired goddess cold am I,
 When love and tender gifts no more delight me,
 Nor stolen dalliance, then I fain would die.
 Ah fair and lovely bloom the flowers of youth;
 On men and maids they beautifully smile;
 But soon comes doleful eld who void of ruth
 Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile;
 Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
 Scarce reckon the very sunshine to behold;
 Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn,
 Such the hard lot God lays upon the old.

Τιθωνῷ μὲν ἔδωκεν.

Zeus to Tithonus gave a grievous ill,
 Undying age, than death more horrible.

FROM THEŒGNIS.

Μοῦσαι καὶ χάριτες.

MUSES and Graces! daughters of high Jove,
 When erst ye left your glorious seats above
 To bless the bridal of that wondrous pair,
 Cadmus and Harmonia fair,
 Your voices pealed a divine air:
 "What is good and fair
 Shall ever be our care;"
 Thus the burthen of it rang,
 "That shall never be our care
 Which is neither good nor fair"—
 Such were the words your lips immortal sang.

(89)

ἡμεῖς δὲν θαλίῃσι.

Let us in life's delights serenely share,
While yet 'tis ours to feel how sweet they are ;
Swift as a dream our glorious youth goes by,
Fleet as the coursers that to battle fly,
Bearing the chief with quivering spear in hand,
Madly careering o'er the rich cornland.

ἄφρονες ἄνθρωποι καὶ νήπιοι.

Vain thoughtless men ! lament ye death's fell power ?
Yet shed no tears o'er youth's decaying flower ?

ὦ μοι ἐγὼν ἡβης.

Ah me ! my youth ! alas, for eld's dark day !
This comes apace, while that fleets fast away.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

ὄν γάμον 'ἀλλ' 'Αἴδαν.

POOR Clearisté loosed her virgin zone
 Not for her wedding, but for Acheron;
 'Twas but last eve the merry pipes were swelling,
 And dancing footsteps thrill'd the festive dwelling;
 Morn changed those notes for wailings loud and long,
 And dirges drown'd the hymeneal song;
 Alas! the very torches meant to wave
 Around her bridal couch now light her to the grave!

εἶπε κύον τίνοϛ.

“Tell me, good dog, whose tomb you guard so well?”
 “The cynic’s”—“True—but who that cynic, tell”—
 “Diogenes of fair Sinope’s race”—
 “What he that in a tub was wont to dwell?”
 “Yes, but the stars are now his dwelling-place.”

(91)

εἰς Ἀἶδην ἰθεῖα κατήλυσαι.

Straight is the way to Acheron,
Whether the spirit's race is run
From Athens or from Meroë:
Weep not, far off from home to die ;
The wind doth blow in every sky,
That wafts us to that doleful sea.

τοῦτο τοι ἡμετέρης.

This little stone, dear friend, to thee is raised,
Of love so large a monument how slight !
Thine image aye my mind pursues, and mine—
Ah ! let not Lethé wash it from thy sight.

οὐκ ἔθανες Πρώτη.

Τῆου art not dead, my Proté ! thou art flown
To a far country better than our own ;
Thy home is now an Island of the Blest ;

There 'mid Elysian meadows take thy rest :
 Or lightly trip along the flowery glade
 Rich with the asphodels that never fade !
 Nor pain, nor cold, nor toil shall vex thee more,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger on that happy shore ;
 Nor longings vain (now that blest life is won)
 For such poor days as mortals here drag on ;
 To thee for aye a blameless life is given,
 In the pure light of ever-present Heaven !

τῇδε Σάων.

Here lapped in hallowed slumber Saon lies,
 Asleep, not dead ; a good man never dies.

οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ.

Orpheus ! no more the rocks, the woods no more,
 Thy strains shall lure ; no more the savage herds,
 Nor hail, nor driving clouds, nor tempest's roar,
 Nor chafing billows list thy lulling words ;

For thou art dead : and all the muses mourn,
 But most Calliope, thy mother dear.
 Shall we then, reft of sons, lament forlorn,
 When e'en the Gods must for their offspring fear ?

αἱ τρισαὶ ποτε παῖδες.

One day three girls were casting lots in play,
 Which first to Acheron should take her way ;
 Thrice with their sportive hands they thrēw, and thrice
 To the same hand returned the fateful dice ;
 The maiden laughed when thus her doom was told :
 Alas ! that moment from the roof she rolled !—
 So sure is Fate whene'er it bringeth bale,
 While prayers and vows for bliss must ever fail.

ὑφικομὸν παρὰ τήνδε.

Come sit you down beneath this towering tree,
 Whose rustling leaves sing to the zephyr's call ;
 My pipe shall join the streamlet's melody,
 And slumber on your charmed eyelids fall.

γυμνὴν εἶδε Πάρις με.

Three have seen my beauty zoneless,
Three I know, but only these,
Anchises, Paris, and Adonis;
But when didst thou, Praxiteles?

Πάλλας καὶ Κρονίδαο.

Pallas and Jove's haughty bride
Came down to see our Cnidian Venus;
"We wronged the Phrygian boy," they cried,
"Not falsely did he judge between us!"

FROM HORACE.

CARM. I. 38.

Boy, I dislike this Persian frippery,
 These linden-twisted chaplets please not me,
 Pray take no pains to find for me where grows

The latest lingering rose.

Twine not the myrtle spray with studious care,
 Plain myrtle leaves we both may fitly wear,—

Thou as my page, I as I sip my wine
 Beneath my thick-leaved vine.

CARM. II. 3.

IN trouble keep your courage high
 And calm, but yet in happier fate
 Be not with rapture too elate—
 For one day, Dellius, you must die.

Whether through dreary days you pine,
 Or on the far sequestered grass
 Luxurious holidays you pass
 Quaffing your old Falernian wine :
 I know the spot—by poplar pale
 And lofty pines a friendly shade
 With intertwining branches made ;
 And hard by struggles through the vale
 The winding water :—there we'll set
 Wines and rich perfumes ; boys shall bring
 Roses too briefly blossoming ;
 While Youth and Fortune smile, while yet
 Their dark threads spin the sisters three.
 Ah me ! your parks, your pleasant home
 Washed by the Tiber's tawny foam
 You'll leave ; and all your wealth shall be
 But for your heir. If rich and one
 Of Inachus' old line and name,
 Or poor and basest born, the same
 Your doom to Orcus pitying none.

To the grim ferry all must go;
 Our lots are cast into one urn,
 And soon or late comes out our turn
 For endless banishment below.

CARM. II. 9.

Nor ceaselessly the raincloud pours
 Down on the tangled fields, nor yet
 Do squalls the Caspian always fret,
 Nor always on Armenian shores
 Stands the stiff ice, nor all the year
 Reel the stout oaks to winds that rave
 Round Gargan heights, nor ash trees wave
 Their leafless boughs for ever sere.
 Why then lament with endless lay
 Of Mystes reft? the star of eve
 Shines on your grief, and still you grieve
 When Hesper flies the hurrying day.
 Not for his dear Antilochus
 Mourned the old sire through livelong years;

Nor Phrygian sisters poured their tears
 Incessant o'er young Troilus.
 Cease then, my Valgius, chaunt not ever
 Those tender plaints; come change the string—
 Of Cæsar's latest triumphs sing,
 Niphates, and the Median river
 Bound like the rest with Roman chains
 And taught with tamer tide to flow,
 And the Gelonians forced to know
 Their bounds and ride o'er narrower plains.

CARM. II. 14.

AH me, my friend: how fast away
 Fly the fleet years! no holy spell
 Time or Time's wrinkles can repel,
 QF Death's resistless march delay.
 Pile up each day your hecatomb—
 Pluto heeds not! The giant brood,
 Vast Geryon floating many a rood,
 And Tityos writhe in ruthless doom,

Confined by that grim gulf below ;
 And all who taste of earthly food
 Must cross that melancholy flood—
 Princes and peasants all must go.
 In vain from bloody wars we fly
 And Hadria's roaring breakers shun :
 In vain shrink from the autumnal sun
 And southwinds breathing balefully ;
 That murky slow meandering river,
 Cocytus named, we all must view,
 And Danaus' dishonoured crew,
 And him who heaves the stone for ever :
 Abandoned land and home must be,
 And your sweet wife ; of all your trees
 None but the hateful cypresses
 May bear their brief lord company ;
 All your Cœcubian hoards your heir,
 Though guarded by a hundred doors,
 Shall waste, and stain his gorgeous floors
 With finer wine than pontiffs share.

FROM LUCRETIVS.

FOND man, you've had of life your fill,—
Why not like sated guest
Retire with a contented will,
And safely take your rest?

FROM MARTIAL.

To-morrow I'll enjoy, you thoughtless say :
To-morrow comes too late, enjoy to-day.

